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THE SPIRIT

AHS

VOL. VI

MARCH, 1917

No. 4

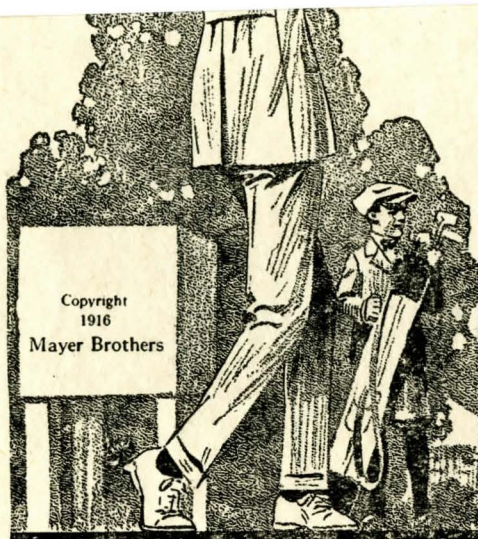
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THE SPIRIT

Vol. VI.

MARCH, 1917

No. 4

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EDITORIAL

A dark momentary gloom spread over the students and friends of Ames High when it was learned that we had been suspended from the state athletic association. But thanks to that "never-say-die" spirit which reigns through our school, we have already come to think better of the situation, and our once shattered hope for a successful football team, next fall, has brightened. Mr. Thompson has begun to arrange for next year's games with schools outside the state. These games will

be a good thing for our school and our team. We are in no way peeved at the action of the State Board, even though we were handed the maximum penalty. We have unknowingly disobeyed some of the rules and shall accept the punishment without a word. It is to be hoped that no one will blame either Mr. Steffy or Mr. Thompson for the small technical error which caused us to be suspended.

STUDENT OPINION

THE FLAG

Have you noticed the flag waving over our school building? If you haven't, a good many have, and they claim it is a disgrace to have such a flag flaunting before the public as they pass by. Flags are not expensive and I am sure it would be well worth the effort if the students would do something. I am certain that a gift of a few cents from each pupil would buy a flag that no school would be ashamed to own.

Have we any sense of pride? It certainly does not seem so when we hear the report of the "lost" department. Perhaps we do not mean anything by borrowing books but it is indeed very unhandy to the person who has lost one and who wishes to use it at a certain time. If you are obliged to borrow books either from the library or from a fellow-student, isn't it as easy to return them as it was to borrow them? Not only books have disappeared, but also many other articles. Remember, we are past the kindergarten age!

A Loser.

PATHS

We all admire the little paths beginning to appear across our lawn, and furthermore, we admire the brave pioneers who are struggling to make them and we do realize that they need encouragement. So, if you see anyone attempting to drag their weary carcass across our school prairie, just walk bravely up to him, pat him on the back, and say, "Brace up, old fellow, take a new start, it's not half so bad as the sidewalk and you will actually gain three seconds".

But, seriously, if we wish to keep up the reputation which we have established all over the state, we must not mar our lawns by these paths. They certainly do not add to the beauty of the surroundings but detract a great deal. With the combined effort of all the students, I think it will be possible for us to do away with this bad habit.



THE DEPARTURE OF THE LEAVES

The golden leaves came fluttering down,
Covering the earth with a carpet brown;
Helping create an autumnal glow,
As if the whole woods were dressed for show.

The bare old trees stood straight and still,
Acting as guard o'er vale and hill;
For over it all were scattered their treasures,
Piled everywhere in countless measures.

They knew their fun was over now,
So bid adieu with a glorious bow,
To be content with winter's calm,
And pay their pennance without a qualm.

Josephine Wilkinson '17.

PRINCE BOBBY OF MIDGET LAND, SOUTHEAST OF NOWHERE

The blustering March winds were blowing around the corners of the house, and Bobby, sitting in the great armchair before the fire, shivered as he heard the mournful sound. In his lap was a beautiful picture book and Bobby was wishing with all his heart and soul that he could see a king and queen, and was imagining what he would do if he were a prince.

Bobby's little head was nodding and the fire was growing dimmer and dimmer, when, suddenly, he heard a thin little voice pipe up. "Would you really like to see a king?"

Bobby looked all around wondering who could have spoken, when there on the arm of his chair, sat a queer little man no bigger than Bobby's hand. He was as red as fire from the top of his strange little hat to the tip of his tiny feet.

Bobby looked at him a few moments, wondering how he

should address such a person, when the little fellow said, with a puzzling expression, "I say, did you want to see a king?"

"Why, . . . yes," stammered Bobby, and then, as if he didn't know what to say, "are you one?"

Bobby saw the little fellow double up until he had to look hard to be able to see the little red spot. Then he heard a tiny squeak that made him wonder if the elf, or whatever his new friend was, could possibly have a pain somewhere. And then he said, "Shall I call grandma? She knows just what to do when little boys get sick."

"Oh, no," said the tiny man. "I was just laughing when you asked me if I was a king. But if you'll come with me and not be a cry-baby—you know you won't dare to even kiss your mother goodbye—then you'll see a king and other things, too, that will make your eyes stay open all night long."

Bobby jumped out of his chair and held himself up straight. Of course he wouldn't be a cry-baby, and he'd even go away and leave his mother, only—only he bet the little red man didn't have any mother, or—but then he'd go. Why, he'd leave ten mothers to see a king.

The little red man asked Bobby to put him in his pocket and then they'd start. They were first to climb out the west window. Now Bobby didn't know how he was going to accomplish this act, for he knew that the window was much too high for a small boy to step onto the ground. Nevertheless, he closed his eyes and let loose of the window sill.

Then, instead of falling to the ground as he had expected, he stepped right into the middle of a great round tub, and sitting around the edge were twelve little red men, exactly like the one who had suddenly appeared on Bobby's chair.

No sooner had Bobby sat down in the middle of the tub than it began to rise, slowly at first and then, faster and faster. Now they were sailing far above the tree tops and Bobby took one last look homeward. When he saw the smoke blowing from the chimney, he thought with regret, how well he'd like to have that gingerbread for dinner. But it couldn't be helped now and so he turned to his companions and gasped, "Where are we going?"

"To Midget-land," they answered together.

Bobby tried to think of all the places Daddy had been and, strange to say, he couldn't remember that he'd ever been to Midget-land, so he asked where the place was located.

Again they answered in unison, "Midget-land is southeast of Nowhere."

Bobby was still in the dark for he had no idea where Nowhere was, but before he could ask any more questions, the tub began to sink, and they landed right before the most beautiful little city Bobby had ever seen. All he could do was clap his

hands and wonder what Mary Smith would think of her doll-house if she could take one look at this.

There was Midget-land all laid out at his feet, and as Bobby looked down at the pretty white houses and the little inhabitants running to and fro, he felt like a regular giant. Then, suddenly, there seemed to be great havoc in the city. Boys and girls rushed madly into their houses, all the doors were bolted, and a dashing young midget ran into the street and rescued his sweetheart from the jaws of death, for down the street came a thin gray rat.

Now, ordinarily, Bobby would have run from a rat. He didn't even like a tiny mouse. But, now, he felt sorry for these poor little people. He knew how he'd feel if a great big animal, even bigger than Daddy, should come running by their house. He guessed he'd keep close to mother then. So he pulled up a little tree by the roots. This was pretty hard work but it was just a young tree, and in a few minutes, Bobby was stepping carefully between the houses and was pushing the rat in front of him.

Later, when the city had been rid of its terror and when the tiny inhabitants had again ventured from their homes, the king of Midget-land, with his attendants, rode up to Bobby on a tiny prancing charger. He told him how the people wished to repay him for the deed he had done, but they could think of nothing, and he must choose his own reward. Bobby would be granted three wishes.

Every small boy at some time in his life, has chosen those three wishes, which every small boy expects to have granted. Bobby was no exception. While at home before the fire, he had thought of wonderful things he would wish for, if ever he was in such a position. But now it was different. Here, in this far-away country, there wasn't a thing that he could wish for, except—yes, he knew, he wanted to be a little Midget prince.

So the king gave him a tiny silver trumpet and told him to blow three times. The first blast caused all the midgets to press their hands to their ears, but the second was not nearly so loud, and at the end of the third, Bobby found himself no larger than the others. A might shout arose—or at least it seemed mighty to them:

"Long live Prince Bobby of Midget-land!"

And so things went. One would have thought that Bobby should have been happy. And so he was all day long. But when dark came and Bobby tried to sleep he couldn't help but think of his mother, for Bobby was really like all other little boys.

He tried to think he wasn't homesick, and he told himself he wasn't going to be, but one night he decided he'd just have to go home, but how was he to get there. And then, he re-

membered he had two more wishes coming. So the next day he told the king he wanted to go home, and he then said good-bye to Midget-land.

Again the king gave him the little silver trumpet to blow, and he was soon a good-sized boy once more. Just as he stepped into the tub, with the same little goblins around the edge, he asked as his last wish to carry home with him the silver trumpet.

He had seen Midget-land for the last time and they were sailing along serenely, when suddenly there was a crash, and everything turned dark. Bobby felt himself falling, falling, falling, and the little silver trumpet was lost at the first jolt.

Then, as sudden as the crash had come, Bobby found himself sitting in the great armchair and rubbing his sleepy eyes. But Bobby smiled and, as if afraid to speak, breathed softly to himself:

"Prince Bobby of Midget-land, Southeast of Nowhere."

CRITICAL REVIEW

"AT THE DUNES"

By Howard M. Jones

The poem "At the Dunes" by Howard M. Jones, would be pleasing to those who like a spirit of loneliness and dreariness to come into their minds and thoughts, who enjoy wide reaching silences and wild shores free from the noise and disturbances of inhabited places.

The aim of the poem is to show us the barrenness and loneliness of a land of forever changing character and without human life.

The choice of words is peculiarly fitted to this subject being both suggestive and figurative, creating an impression of solitude and dreariness.

The rhythm of the poem suggests the regularity and easy run of the sand dunes and in every succeeding stanza the lonely and forbidding aspect of the dunes is forced upon one.

The effect of the poem on the reader is that of being outside the reach of friendly hands which are eager to draw him back from silence and exile into light, and joy in ineffectual striving for the unattainable mysteries of life overcomes him.

Esther Cook.

THE DESTROYER'S END

The moon her feeble rays has spent
And darkness shrouds the firmament,
Except where wan stars weakly shine
To prophesy the night's decline,
And herald morning's proud advance
Into the heaven's vast expanse.

Around the ocean darkly swells
In barren semblance of hills and dells,
And gently holds the shattered wreck,
And swirls about her bloodstained deck
On which the dead men thickly lay,
No more to see the break of day.

Short time before this battered boat
Was the proudest destroyer then afloat,
And oft before upon the wave
Sent other vessels to the grave.

But heavier guns than her's spoke,
And her iron heart within her broke.

Till now she wallows in the sea,
The vict'm of harsh fate's decree.

No more to scour the briny deep,
No more vict'rys proud to reap,

At last her fighting days are o'er
And men shall view her nevermore.

For the waters mount above her mast,
Neptune has claimed his own at last.

Leaving naught to mark her place
Upon the ocean's troubled face,

When Phoebus mounting in the east,
The morning hours once more released.

Ted Nowlin '18.

THE NEWSY

As I walked leisurely down the business street, not long ago, enjoying and inwardly remarking upon the variety of the many window decorations, I felt a tug at my coat, and turning was confronted with a newspaper thrust forcibly before me.

"Paper, Mister?" queried a voice. The speaker was a stocky, tanned-faced lad in a read sweater-cap and a plaid jacket pulled about his ears. Reading an expression of hesitancy on my countenance he added, with a grin, that it told "all about th' 'naug'ration of th' Pres'dent". He won his customer, and while he was changing my ten-cent piece, I had a short time to view him more closely. A slight smile, that

requisite of the true salesman, played with his mouth, which twitched at the corners, as if trying to force a laugh. Yet the seriousness of the employment held it in check.

With a "Thanks, Mister," he gave me the change and was gone, on the lookout for his next customer; and wherever a crowd was gathering, there he was. I thrust the paper into a pocket without glancing at the contents. That business smile, that quick understanding which he displayed in comprehending the situation I was in, held my mind. There, thought I, was a business man in embryo. How different from the ordinary newsboy, who merely calls up one street and down another, or stands on a street corner, expecting to be accosted for a paper. I should be interested, and feel sure that I could not be disappointed, if I should hear of that boy, later in life, a successful man of affairs. I know he would still possess that smile.

Paul Potter.

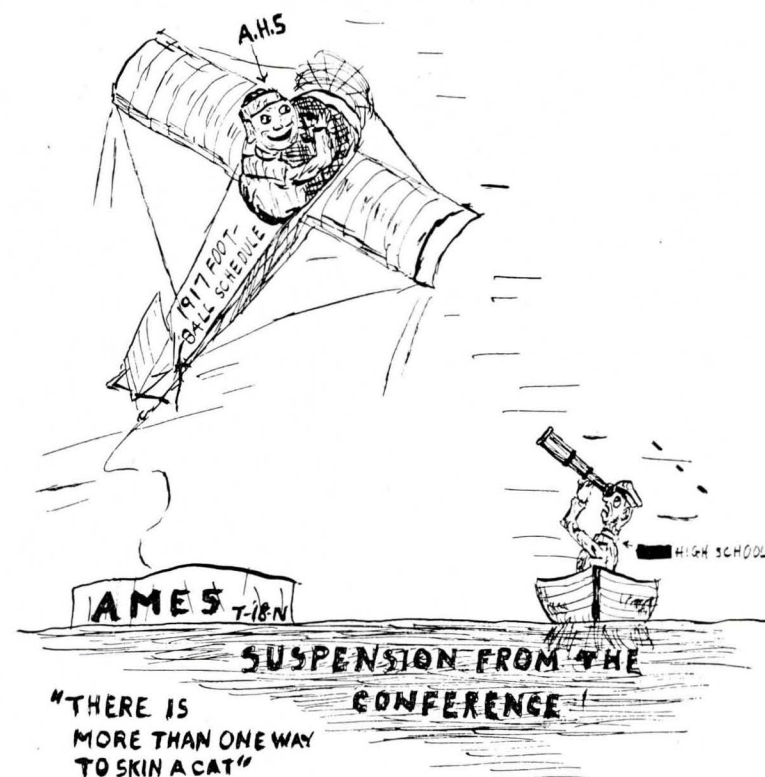
THE VILLAGE COBBLER

August Schuster was the village shoe-maker. He was a big, burly German, and had been a shoe-maker in the small town of Nyberg for over twenty years. The people, young as well as old, enjoyed taking their shoes to him, and having a pleasant visit. He was very jolly, and although he always had lots of work to do, was ever ready to stop his mending and talk. He would ask about the weather, the school, or tell you all about his new machines. The town, although small, had electric lights, and as Schuster believed in modern improvements, he had several electric machines. His latest purchase was an attachment for finishing up high heels to ladies' shoes. His shop was in the rear of a harness shop, and for many years, he and the harness-maker had worked in the same building, and remained the best of friends.

When the children came in after school, he always had a cheerful, "Wie gehts" to say to them. Or if some one remarked about the weather, he would always tell them about his house which came from Germany. "Ja, I sent for a little house so high, and it tells me the weather." In the house is an old woman, and two children, a boy and a little girl. When it is going to storm, the old lady comes out on the porch, and when it will be nice, the two children come out and the old lady stays in."

Among Schuster's daily visitors, were the members of the "Ananias Club", for that was what they were called. Several members of the club usually dropped in to the shop every afternoon. They always had many topics for discussion; of course, one prominent one being politics. Naturally Flory Pestle, a stingy old fellow, would talk about the high cost of living. He was very well off, but as is often the case, did not

believe in spending his hard earned money. The other members of the club could always joke John Schmollke about getting married, for as yet he was an old bachelor. Mr. Merrell, the Yankee, never tired of talking about Uncle Sam, and "when I was postmaster". For he had been the postmaster in that town for many years, until recently when the Democratic man had taken his place. Old George Schmidt would readily agree with Testle on the high cost of living, for had he not worked many years making wagons, and must he not now spend so much of it so foolishly? Mr. Quimby, old Uncle Joe, another member of the club, was a retired farmer, and purely American. So when Schuster, Schmollke and Schmidt became too sympathetic with the Germans, there followed very warm discussions. Yet on the whole these men of leisure in the small town, received much enjoyment from their club. They looked upon Schuster as one of their most important members, for if it were not for Schuster's shop, where would they meet? In return, he enjoyed the club, and greatly missed his friends when they did not hold their regular meetings. E. R. S. '17.



A LETTER

Dear Jim:

I hesitate to write to you for I fear the shock may prove too great. Let's see, it's been almost a year since I wrote you last, hasn't it? Well, the old town looks pretty much as it did when you were here, and life moves along in the same old rut. I think I am the only one of the old gang left. Charlie went to Annapolis last fall, Frank went to the border with the guards, you have gone to the wild and wooly west, while I am enjoying single blessedness in the old home town. But even I break loose and have an experience occasionally. "Listen, my child, and you shall hear."

About two weeks ago I thought I would take Miss—well, it doesn't matter who, out for a ride, so I cranked up my old nineteen tender and went coughing down the street to her house. Of course, I had made some previous arrangements, and when, after the usual delay, we came out to the car, she didn't seem to notice that it belonged to the prehistoric age. I felt that I was going to have the time of my life.

As we went down the street we must have been a sight or made an awful noise or something, or perhaps it was the girl, for she sure was a dandy looking girl; anyway, everybody turned to look at us.

The sooner we could get into the country the better, we thought, and so I rushed her to the limit, the car I mean, and soon we were speeding along in the country, probably ten or twelve miles an hour, but that didn't matter, anyway she said that she liked to ride fast and that it was surely a great treat. I thought then that she talked with a great deal of enthusiasm, but now as I look back I can detect a touch of irony in her words.

About this time we came to a very steep hill; at least two or three per cent grade and my heart was nearly in my mouth, for as we neared the top, "Lizzie" began to show signs of deep distress and I feared we would not be able to reach the summit, besides I could not hear what Miss—well, never mind who—was saying, but finally I made out, "You have a high powered car, Bill". Poor kid, I pitied her ignorance for she evidently mistook the rattle of the fenders and the after-firing as symptoms of power, but, back to the story.

"Yes," said I, "she is some boat". Well, we got to the top and I felt relieved for I knew that now I would have smooth sailing the rest of the time.

We were going along finely, when all of a sudden something went wrong. I must have been pretty much interested in my companion because it was the first time I had ever failed to detect any approaching trouble. But, as I said, something went

wrong, and radically wrong, for she—the car—gave two loud coughs through the carburetor and stopped, yes, sir, absolutely ceased to move, on the level, at that.

"Thunder," I exclaimed and out I climbed. I lifted the bonnet and looked at the engine. "Nothing wrong here," I said. So I took her by the handle and turned her over. Nothing doing. I went around and monkeyed with her levers and things, then turned her over again, still nothing doing. Then I fooled with her levers some more, saw that the spark was right, so that I wouldn't get knocked into the middle of next week, and tried spinning her, but she gave no sign of ever having run or that she ever intended to. Then I spun her until I was breathless, but didn't get a kick.

Finally, though I hated to, I pulled off my coat and collar and spun her—spun her for ten minutes, but she didn't show a single sign of returning to this world's activities. I wished I had never seen a car, never seen a girl, even wished I had never been born. I wanted to say things but didn't dare to. Next, I crawled underneath but couldn't find anything to do except knock dirt in my eyes. I can't tell which irritated me the more, the car, or the girl sitting on the cushion humming, "He had to get under, get out and get under".

Just then, down the road came an eight-cylinder machine driven by that sportily dressed stuck-up dandy, the banker's son.

Would Miss—as I said before, her name doesn't matter—like a lift home? Of course she would and she did. Well, I did get mad then but I tried not to show it.

"Goodbye, Bill," she said. "I have to get home to my work, you know."

I didn't say anything to her, but strange to say as soon as she was gone I felt better, for then I could and did express my feelings. I sat down and talked to the old car awhile, then got up and screwed off her boiler cap. The irrigating system was as dry as a bone, and not a stream or well in sight. I soon found a puddle of water, none too clean, but nevertheless water; filled the radiator, spun her and, say, she started like a bird. Well, I didn't lose any time heading her for town, nor did I fail to come down heavy on the accelerator. The old car ran like she was scared.

Soon I saw ahead of me, the banker's car standing in the middle of the road, and when I got up to it, I saw the banker's son on his back under the car and my erstwhile companion sitting stonily in the seat. I slowed down but didn't stop and as I passed I whistled a few bars of "He had to get under, get out and get under".

When I got home Sister started into kid me. "Where's the next time, Bill?" she asked. Poor kid, she didn't mean any

harm, but I was still mad. I glared at her a minute, then growled, "It's none of your blamed business, but I'll tell you just to give you something to think about—there ain't going to be no next time, I'm wise".

Well, maybe I am and maybe I'm not. I've half a mind to try it again soon. The old ark is working fine now. Anyway, so long, Jim.

Your old pal, Bill.

Bernard Irwin '17.

I sit in the door as the twilight creeps
And down in the grass the cricket leaps,
Far off in the gray blue fog
Comes the croak of the weary frog,
And the sweet notes of the bird in the nest
Soothing the little ones to rest.
The flowers about whisper a soft good night,
Closing their eyes till the morning light.
The cattle low in the far off lane,
And the distant dove tells of coming rain.
Then all is quiet and peace and rest,
As tho' the great world were asleep in a nest.
Then slyly a shy little star peeps out,
Wondering what the quiet is all about.
She calls her sisters to come and look
At the sleeping flowers and the murmuring brook.
They all look down with a reverent air,
And call out their comrades waiting there.
Each takes a place where she best may guard
This vast, unsuspecting, sleeping yard.
Till the sun appears in the eastern skies,
Bidding the world to open her eyes.
Then one by one, their vigil o'er,
They slip away to be seen no more.

Ina Reins.



FRESHMEN PARTY

A Freshmen party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Steffy February ninth. A very pleasant evening was spent with games and music. "Eats" were served by the refreshment committee at the close of the evening. The party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Steffy and Miss Turner. All the "preps" present voted the party a great success.

CLASS NEWS

English 4 classes which are taking "Julius Caesar" dramatized one act of it some time ago. All the characters worked with much zeal on their parts, making the play a grand success. As costumes were unavailable, the audience did their part in using their imaginations and entered into the spirit of the play, which was so much enjoyed that it has been decided to dramatize the remaining acts.

SOPHOMORE PARTY

The Sophomore class have arranged to give a party in the gymnasium on St. Patrick's Day. The persons connected in any way with the affair are striving to make it a success. All Sophomores are invited and urged to attend.

PATRIOTIC PROGRAM

A patriotic program was given February 23 in honor of our two national heroes. The program was divided into two parts, the first being devoted to George Washington, and the last to Abraham Lincoln. The program is as follows:

Song—High School.

High School Orchestra.

Dramatization, Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill—Josephine Wilkinson, Betty Hodson.

Washington's Ideas on an Army—Dudley Sherman.

An estimate Washington-Jefferson—Inez Cretsinger.

Girls' Glee Club.

Gettysburg Speech—Carvel Caine.

The Perfect Tribute—Dorothy Harriman.

Patriotic Drill—Girls' Gymnasium Class.

America—High School.

SENIOR TROUBLES

The American History classes have been very busy of late. One morning in class, it was announced that for their "How to Study" examination, the Seniors would be required to write a theme on the Monroe Doctrine, eight hundred words in length. This was rather sudden, to say the least, and succeeded in terrifying our dignified Seniors, who hitherto had always been equal to any occasion. They were inclined to "balk" when this was first announced but soon decided that this was no time for argument and immediately set to work. For six long days, nights too, the poor Seniors toiled over this same report. The library became a popular place of resort and during this time, the chief subject of thought and conversation among the Seniors was the "Monroe Doctrine". So when they, on the sixth day, handed in their reports, they expected an easy time for a while. But, imagine their consternation and surprise when, on the eighth day, it was announced that they would be expected to write another theme. This one was to be on "The Methods" used in writing their former theme and must contain five hundred words. Indeed, this was almost too much to bear, but the Seniors, with their usual fortitude, soon rallied and obediently set to work, so that before the end of the period, each and everyone had his second report in.

On March 19, the Seniors will have to have their semester reports ready and they are fondly hoping, that after that the teachers will decide to be a little easier on them and let them recover from their strenuous work of the past few weeks.

HIGH SCHOOL DEBATE

As a part of the Literary work the classes of Ames High School held a debating contest last month. The question debated was, Resolved, that our National Defenses should be strengthened. In the Junior-Senior debate, the Seniors were victorious, and in the Freshman-Sophomore debate upon the same question, the Freshmen won.

The two winning teams, the Seniors and the Freshmen, then contested for championship. The final contest was held in the High School Auditorium at a general Literary program.

Although the judges claimed the Senior team the champion of the High School, a great deal of credit should be given to the Freshmen team as their good work merited it.

The teams are as follows:

Senior—Ruby Wasser, Claude Scarbrough, Mabel Hall.

Junior—Edward Judge, Edith Wallis, Orvil Aplan.

Sophomore—Gifford Terry, Lydia Tilden, Marie Mortensen.

Freshman—Alfred Carleton, Leslie Gray, Winfred Crabbs.

JUNIOR BOB PARTY

The old saying, "Haste makes waste," failed to affect the Junior bob party on February 19th. The Juniors, known perhaps, as the most spirited class of Ames High, decided Monday morning that the following evening would be a very desirable time for an ever popular bob ride.

The joy seekers met at the school building about seven-thirty o'clock and the ride in the country was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Very appropriate refreshments were served at the home of Barclay Noble, the oyster soup, especially, being very acceptable to all.

After lunch, readings were given by Martha Lesan and Thelma Smith, the latter being a former student of A. H. S. Josephine Wilkinson, a Senior, admirably praised the Juniors' spirit in a speech. Everyone departed feeling that they had thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

DECLAMATORY CONTEST

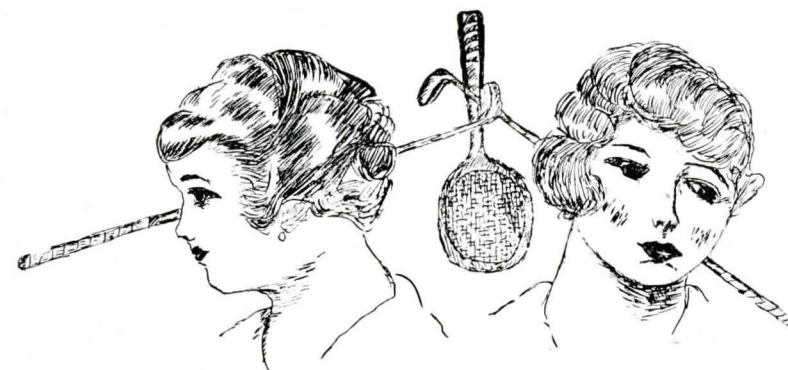
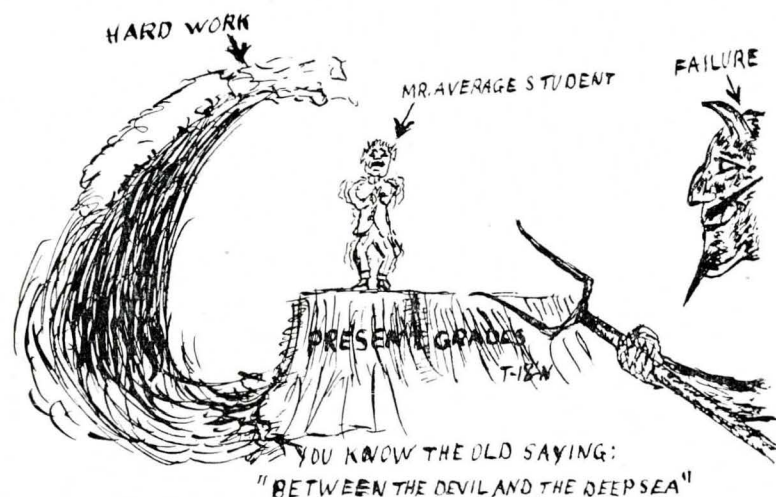
On Wednesday, February 21, the preliminary declamatory contest was held in a special assembly. There were seventeen participants in this contest. Out of these seventeen contestants, nine, consisting of the three best in each class, the oratorical, the dramatic, and the humorous, were chosen. Lester Johnson, Ward Grogan and William Nelson won out in the oratorical division; Ruby Wasser, Martha Lesan and Ina Reins, in the dramatic, and Gertrude Carter, Georgina Kirkham and Hazel Taylor in the humorous. These nine will take part in another contest to be held on Thursday afternoon, March 8, from which the winner over all will be chosen. This person will go to Jefferson to represent Ames High in the sub-district contest and if he wins there, he will go on to the state contest. The contest was a lively one and was very much enjoyed by the students, particularly as it lasted all afternoon and they were not required to go to classes. The contestants all did well and it was very hard for the judges to decide which were the best. However, we are sure, that the winner over all, who is chosen from this material, will be so good that he will win out at Jefferson and also at the state contest.

ASSEMBLIES

The High School students were very pleasantly entertained one afternoon in Assembly when Mr. Ross Crane of the Art Institute in Chicago gave us a short talk. He was here, in charge of the art exhibit in the High School Gymnasium, and so explained several famous pictures to us. His talk, although rather short, was very interesting and entertaining and it is rumored that he even made some of our serious-minded students smile a bit.

ART EXHIBIT

The High School Gymnasium was a very popular place a few days last month, due to the fact that the Womens' Federated Club succeeded in bringing an Art Exhibit to Ames, and this was held in our Gymnasium. The exhibit was fine and a great interest was manifested in it by both the town people and the students. In fact, some of the students were so interested that they made use of the janitor's room, in order to be able to see these paintings. We are sure that we have been benefited by this exhibit and we hope to put some of our new ideas into practice and be able to see the artistic and beautiful even in our school work.



SUSPENDED

Beginning January 1, 1917, and extending to January 1, 1918, Ames High will experience a condition which has never existed in the history of the school, namely, a suspension from the "State High School Athletic Association".

This has come as a great blow to the backers of the "Orange and Black" as well as to the alumni and all those concerned in the welfare and success of the athletic department of A. H. S. It comes at a time when athletics at Ames High was just finding a secure footing and at a time when we were beginning to command the respect of the largest and strongest organized schools of the state.

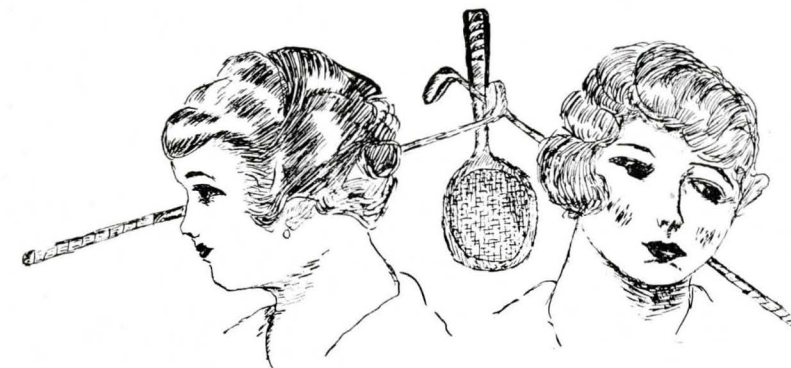
It is true that we have boasted some powerful football teams in the past, but then at the same time the basketball teams were equally weak. This year, however, besides having an exceptionally strong eleven, we had also a deserving quintet and the prospects for the following season were even brighter. But law is law, the inevitable has come, we have unconsciously violated the laws of the association and must therefore suffer the consequences.

We are well aware of the fact that Eagle Grove is responsible for our suspension, for it was they who filed the complaint. Now why does Eagle Grove treat us with such disrespect? Why does she interest herself so deeply in an affair which has not affected her in the least? We did not play an ineligible player against her, but whipped her in a fair and square way, and if Eagle Grove cannot take a defeat in a friendly and respectful way, she certainly cannot be rated as a true sport.

However, we are not peeved at the suspension, and are willing to abide by the decision with all due respect to the Board of Control. Coach Thompson is at work arranging a schedule far more elaborate than the one which had already been made out, and as the suspension forbids any members of the associa-

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tion from playing games with us, our next season games will be played outside the state.

Ames 24—Indianola 20

Of all the games played thus far, this one outshone them all, for it was fast and clean from start to finish and there is little doubt but that the large crowd which witnessed the contest got their money's worth.

Both teams were evenly matched and both guarded exceptionally well.

The game was featured throughout by spectacular basket shooting in which Hammond played the leading role.

Dunlap played a stellar game at guard, while Cline was the main spoke in the Indianola wheel.

Ames		Indianola
Innes	F.....	Cline
Lerdall	F.....	Graves
	F.....	Morlan
Hammond	C.....	Hickman
McCarty	G.....	Piffer
Dunlap	G.....	Lippincott

Summary—Field goals: Hammond 6; Innes 3; Dunlap 1; Lerdall 2; Cline 6; Graves 1; Nichols 1.

Free throws—Cline 4 out of 6.

Ames 28—Dallas Center 23

Again we went, again we saw, and again we conquered.

Due to the slippery condition of the floor, this game was slow and ragged throughout. Only once before had Dallas Center been whipped on their home floor and for a while our chances for repeating the trick looked decidedly small.

Up until the last ten minutes of play they were leading 21-12, but suddenly luck changed and things began to happen thick and fast. Innes slipped in a couple from a difficult angle, McCarty caged a couple of long ones, Hammond dropped in three or four and, bang! the game was over and the "Orange and Black" were the victors.

Ames		Dallas Center
Innes	F.....	Denton
Ricketts	F.....	Carris
Lerdall	F.....	Hicks
Hammond	C.....	Burkett
McCarty	G.....	Grossman
Dunlap	G.....	Brenton

Summary—Field goals: Hammond 7; Ricketts 2; Innes 2; McCarty 2; Lerdall 1; Denton 5; Burkett 4; Carris 1; Brenton 1.

Free throws—Denton 1 out of 3.

Ames 15—Algona 27

After the Dallas Center game, all eyes were turned toward the game with the state football champions, for they were known to have a strong quintet. And so they did, for they broke our winning streak by trimming us 15-27. However, the locals were clearly off form, garnering only four baskets in the entire contest. The condition of the floor also helped defeat the home team as there were no outside lines. Dunlap was the only man playing his usual game and time after time broke up the Algona offense.

Ames		Algona
Innes	F.....	Nugent
Lerdall	F.....	Coane
Hammond	C.....	Cotton
McCarty	G.....	Dailey
Dunlap	G.....	Momeyer
	G.....	Holsbar

Summary—Field goals: McCarty 2; Innes 1; Hammond 1; Cotton 5; Crane 4; Nugent 2.

Free throws—Hammond 7 out of 14; Crane 4 out of 9; Nugent 1 out of 3.

JUNIORS WIN SECOND TEAM SERIES

With the playing of the Freshman-Junior game the inter-class basketball games were brought to a successful close.

The Seniors salted away the first team title, while the Juniors won the second team series.

Freshmen 10—Seniors 2

The Freshmen had little difficulty in trimming the Seniors, allowing them to register but one basket.

Taylor starred for the Freshmen and Shull for the Seniors.

Summary—Field goals: Taylor 5; Shull 1.

Sophomores 3—Seniors 16

This game proved to be the most interesting of the series. Although the Sophs. were overwhelmingly smothered, it was not because of their inferior knowledge of basketball but rather because they did not have as many horseshoes as the Seniors.

Anderson and Byrnes were the mainstays of the Sophs. while Belknap, Shull, Crosby and Mathre were the point winners for the Seniors.

Summary—Field goals: Belknap 3; Shull 2; Crosby 2; Mathre 1; Byrnes 1. Free throws: Byrnes 1.

Freshmen 6—Juniors 8

The Juniors met some pretty stiff opposition when they coupled with the Freshmen and the race for victory was neck and neck.

Summary—Field goals: Taylor 1; Watson 1; O'Brien 1; Noble 1; Apland 1; Belknap 2.



NEWS FROM OTHER SCHOOLS

Burlington has established a cafeteria for its High School students. A course in printing has also been established. Burlington's rifle club ranks third among those of the High Schools of the United States.

The Juniors of Mankato High of Minnesota had a vaudeville night of which a clever two-act farce entitled, "Margery Makes Good," was the principal number. The German class gave folk dances; "The Dance of the Goops" and "The Warbling Kids" were the other numbers. The Retail Merchants' Association of Mankato decided not to advertise in the Senior Annual, but the Seniors are not quitters and are going ahead in spite of this financial burden. The Senior class of this school will give a play entitled "Hurry Hurry Hurry".

Iowa City High School at present ranks first among schools of the United States in the rifle association. The Juniors are preparing a class play. Seems to be the custom. Should Ames follow suit?

READ OUR EXCHANGES

"The Purple and Gray" of Burlington is a newsy weekly sheet running over with pep. Read it. It's interesting.

"The Otaknam" of Mankato, Minnesota, is a large live weekly paper which reflects the pride and life of the High

School. We'll be glad when our paper can become such a weekly. It's up to you, students, to boost for a weekly.

"The Boomer" of El Reno, Oklahoma, is a real paper from a many-sided school.

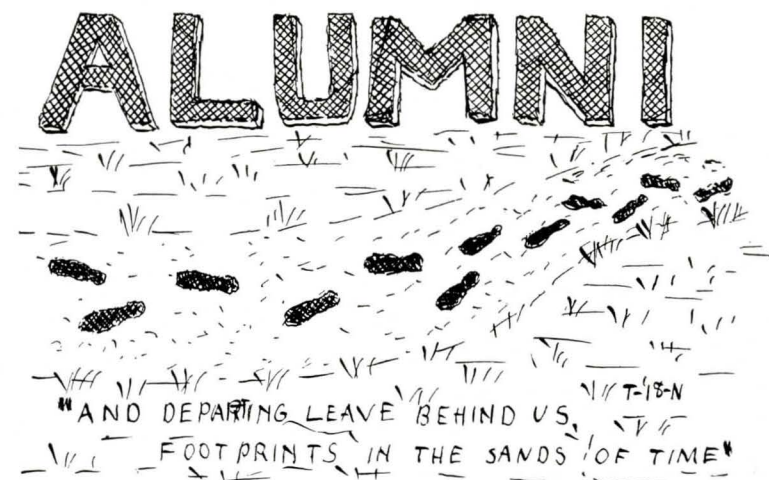
"The Red and White" of Iowa City will interest most because it is a newsy sheet with interesting reports of athletic contests.

"The Newtonia" from Newton is running over with jokes. You all like to laugh, so why not read it?

"The Philo Phonograph" of Sac City, is a bright little paper that should be read by the English students.

"The Orange and Black" of East Waterloo is a work of art with enough jokes to make things interesting.

"The O" of Oskaloosa is a live paper with enough boosters behind it to allow it to send over seventy exchanges.



Phylis Summers '16 is in Florida with her father, who is very much improved in health. A friend has given them the use of a launch.

Dorothy Summers '15 is working in a munition plant near Montreal, Canada.

Marjorie Summers '13 is finishing her nurse's training in Micheal Riese Hospital, Chicago.

Gladys Sparks is working in the Extension Department at the college.

Seaman Knapp '05 has been appointed cashier of the Union National Bank to succeed C. L. Siverly, who was made president.

Edna Pammel '06 has been training the contestants for the local high school declamatory contest.

Ada Hayden '04, who has taught for a number of years in the Botany Department at I. S. C., has recently resigned and is spending some time with her uncle in Texas.

Velda Rowland '06 is working in the Highway Commission office at the college.

George Clark '05 is Statistician in the office of White Weld & Co. of Boston, Mass. George was captain of the '04 football team.

Miss Myrtle Lanning '87 has been spending several weeks in the West. Miss Lanning is enjoying a leave of absence.

Prof. and Mrs. Wallis '04 announce the arrival of a son. Aunt Edith '18 can give a glowing account of the baby's wonderful qualities.

Mrs. Kate Goble Gray '95 has recently come from California to accept a position in the Ames Savings Bank.

Margaret Begelon Hamilton '87 of Seattle, Wash., has been visiting in Ames the past few weeks.

Hermine Knapp '10 has accepted a position in the H. E. C. of the state college of Rhode Island. Hermine was at Columbia with Ruth Cessna '06.

Edith George Warner '02 is principal of the high school at Humboldt, Iowa.

Mable Campbell '01, is the head of the H. E. C. Dept. of the State College of Rhode Island.

Max Hardin is now attending school at the University of Syracuse.

Dr. Robert Ricketts is a veterinarian at Zearing, Iowa.

Jennings Bauge '08, is in the shoe business with his father.

Earl Kooser is now working as clerk for the city of Ames.

The first class to graduate from Ames High was in 1878. There were two members given diplomas at the graduation exercises. They were namely, Mr. A. B. Maxwell and Mr. J. J. Grove both of Ames. Mr. Maxwell is now a prominent citizen of Ames, taking part in the city's various affairs. Mr. Grove was operating a grocery store until recently, when he retired. He, also, has taken very prominent part in the affairs and government of our city.

The next class to graduate was in 1880. In this class there were seven members, none of whom have made their home in Ames. They are scattered all over the United States. One is located in San Jose, Cal., while another is located in Detroit, Mich. The rest of the classes range in number from twelve to sixty. The class of '17 will be the largest class graduated from the institution.



SPIRIT SPASMS

Basketball player to Coach Thompson at Toledo: "Say, Thompson, are pancakes healthy?"

Mr. Thompson: "I don't know; I never heard of one being sick."

Miss Thornburg: "Our next bird study will be on cranes and other long legged birds."

Freshie: "Does that include Ross Crane?"

Billie Mc.: "Oh, Keokuk!"

Us: "What's Keokuk?"

Billie: "The biggest dam in all the world."

Wanted: A girl for Sunday evenings. Ted Russell and Earl Elliott.

Robert W. (trying vainly to explain a problem to Harold G.)—"You're the biggest mutt I ever saw."

Miss Gates: "Boys, be careful, I am here."

Harold Crosby translating German: "The man broke out in intervals."

Miss Sprague: "Rose, how do you think they'll ever pay for this terrible war?"

Miss Johnson: "Well, they'll either have to Hock der Kaiser, or sell 'The Watch on the Rhine'."

Miss Thornburg: "How would you stop bleeding if you could not locate the artery?"

Barbara Wench: "Stop the heart."
(A sure cure, we claim.)

Ward Grogan: "Did you see that pretty girl smile at me?"

The School (in unison): "That's nothing, the first time we saw you, we laughed all over."

"Miss Fickel nearly had a fit yesterday."

"Good, how'd it happen?"

"A Soph. said to her, 'If I had knowed you wanted to gone, I'd saw you'd got to went.'"

Ted Russell, giving sight translation in German: "Thick tears ran over his back."

(Something new.)

Isabel Valentine: "I think that poem about the 'Shepherd and His Love' is kind of modern, because that's the way men do now. They promise you a lot of things like that, and then, it's kind of coaxing, too."

(We wonder if she speaks from experience.)

"Did you hear the noise in room six this morning?"

"No, what was it?"

"The English class falling down on their assignments."

Student to Ralph Ross, who has shooting with a rubber band: "What are you shooting, Ross?"

Ralph: "Beans."

Student: "Bet you're shooting 'Rice'."
(So do we.)

MERELY A DITTY

Latin always worries me,
English has been worse;
But when early Monday morning
They ask me to write verse,
That's the limit!
My kind old muse
Has never been
About in the morning light;
He works the best when
The world's at rest—
At night.
So, if my "pome" fails
To balance,
If my plot is poorly laid,
Remember that world old saying,
"Poets are born, not made".



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SERIOUS ILLNESS IN "SPIRIT" STAFF!

It is with the deepest of sorrow, and the shedding of many "weeps", that we are compelled to make known the serious illness of one of the most beloved members of our staff, Miss Sally Simpers. She has been overcome by a serious attack of "lovesickness", and her condition is so critical, that little hope is held for her recovery, unless some wonderful inspiration should come to her, before the publishing of the next "Spirit". Without this, we fear that the reaper Death will come, and tear our loved one away from us. We are all waiting breathlessly in the hope that she will recover soon, and take her place among us, as of old.

POPULAR SONGS ADAPTED TO A. H. S. STUDENTS

Francile Waitley—"I've Got the Army Blues."

Ted Russell—"It's An Awful Thing Not to Know Where You Are."

Vera Crosby—"The Glad Girl."

Donald Soper—"Wedding Bells are Calling Me."

Neva Snook—"I Need Some Pickles."

Douglas Waitley—"In My Beloved's Eyes."

Ione Rice—"There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl."

Helen Watson—"At Last I've Won Somebody's Heart."

Edward Rutherford—"You'll Always be the Same Sweet Baby."

Dorothy Harriman—"You're A Dangerous Girl."

Hap McCarty—"You Have to Have A Part to Make A Hit."

Geraldine Pratt—"Pray for the Lights to Go Out."

Earl Elliott—"I've Joined the Circus, Boys."

Kathryn Allan—"Some Girls Will

and

Dorothy Proctor—"Some Girls Won't."

Harold Loughran—"Sooner or Later."

LeRoy Apland—"I Love Not One but All."

Joe Anderson—"I Can Tell from the Way You Dance, Dear."

Edith Wallis—"Poor Butterfly."

Bill Ricketts—"If You Only had My Disposition."

George Dunlap—"One Who Will Understand."

Isabelle Valentine—"I'm Looking for Someone's Heart."

Ralph Ross—"You're the Only Girl for Me."

Dorothy Oliver—"Charms are Fairest When They're Hidden."

Jay Elliott—"I Love My Teacher."

Ruby Wasser—"Isn't It Great to be Married?"

I don't dare mention to you her name,

But you all know her just the same,

She's very strict and will give you a call.

If you try to read stories in the study hall,

If you have any new ideas, or hear any jokes, don't fail to bring them in. It's not much trouble for you, and it means a lot to us. The success of this department depends largely upon the assistance which you give, through the joke box. Your efforts are always appreciated, and we can't have too many good jokes.

GERMAN POETRY?

Ich weis nicht wasz soll es bedeuten

Dasz ich should sit on a pin.

Und der funniest thing about iten

Are, the point was pointing in,

(See the point? No, of course you don't it's in us already.)

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